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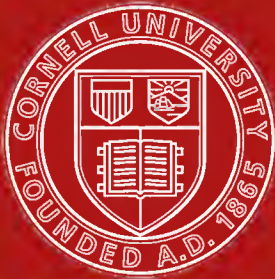
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The temptation of Our Lord,



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Temptation of
Our Lord

By JOHN BALE
BISHOP OF OSSORY

Written, 1538

[*Bodleian Library, Douce B, Subst. 164*]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The Temptations of Our Lord

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Temptation of Our Lord

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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The Temptation of Our Lord

BY JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

A single copy only of this play is known to be extant (Bodleian, Douce B, Subst. 164).

Agreeable to my practice of showing originals as far as may be exactly as they appear to-day, I have included the page of script at the commencement of the printed copy: the subject-matter of this page needs no comment in this place.

All Bodleian photographic work has to be done through and by the Clarendon Press; they are, therefore, responsible for the negatives used by the printers of this series (see my general remarks in this connection in the Introduction to the play of "The Marriage of Wit and Science").

It would appear from a critical examination of the workmanship of this facsimile reproduction that here again the negatives generally show a certain want of crispness and "contact," with the result that the backgrounds of all the plates are printed a trifle too heavy. Otherwise the reproduction is "very good."

JOHN S. FARMER.

Bale, in the list of his own works, mentions the Baptism and temptation, and also the Temptation separately, beginning as this does.

I suspect that this copy has originally followed some edition that commenced with the Baptism, which is alluded to in the second line of this piece, as it begins with signature D.

Ames seems to speak of this interlude as separate; perhaps from not having observed the signatures, if this was his copy, which is not improbable.

Mr. Herbert in his republication of Ames, p. 1548 likewise mentions this piece, but from his description of the compartment in the title, and from his calling it an O.^o (as indeed Ames had done) it should seem that he must have seen another copy.

Lucas, if the interlude of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness contains the Baptism above alluded to? see Herbert p. 1548.

Bale in p. 702 of his own life in his Scriptores Britannici speaking of his imprisonments says "Pius Crimenelus qui regi Henrico ab inimicis erat ob editas comedias in semper liberavit."

**A brefe Comedy or enter
lude concernynge the temptacyon of our
lorde and sauer Iesus Christ, by Sathan in the des
sart. Compyled by Iohan Bale, Anno
M, D. XXXVIII.**



**Iesus was led from thens of the spre
ce into the wylbernes, to be tempted of the deuyll. And whan
he had fasted fourty dayes and fourty nyghes, he
was at last an hungered.
Mathei iij.**

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| | Interlocutores, |
| Iesus Christus, | Satan tentator; |
| Angelus primus, | Angelus alter, |
| Baleus Prolocutor, | |



Præfatio,
Baleus Prolocutor,



After hys baptyme, Christ was Gods sonne declared.
By the fathers voyce, as ye before haue hearde,
Whych sygnifyeth to vs, that we ones baptysed
Are the sonnes of God, by hys gift & rewarde,
And bycause that we, shuld haue Christ in regarde,
He gaue vnto hym, the myghtye autoryte,
Of hys heauenlye worde, our only teacher to be,

Now is he gone fourth, into the desert place,
With the holy Ghost, hys offyce to begynne.
Where Sathan the denyll, with hys assaultes apace,
With colours of craft, and manye a subyle gynne,
Wyll vndermynde hym, yet nochyng shall he wynde,
But shame and rebuke, in the conclusyon fynall,
Thys tokenneth our rayse, and hys vnrecurable fall.

Lerne first in thys acte, that we whom Christ doth call,
Ought not to folowe, the fantasyes of Man,
But the holy Ghost, as our gyde specyall,
Whych to defende vs, is he that wyll and can,
To persecucion, lette vs prepare vs than,
For that wyll folowe, in them that seke the truth.
Marke in thys processe, what troubles to Christ ensuth.

Sathan assaulteth hym, with many a subyle dryft,
So wyll he do vs, if we take Christes part.
And whan that helpeth not, he seeketh an other hyft,
The rulers amonge, to put Christ vnto smart,
Withso manye els, as beare hym their good hart.

Be ye

Prefatio,

Ye ye sure of: hys, as ye are of dayly meates
If ye folowe Christ, with hym ye must be beate:

For assaultes of Sathan, lerne here the remedyes,
Take the worde of God, leere that be your defence.
So wyll Christ teache yow, in our next Comedye,
Ernestly pient it, in your quyk intellygence.
Resyst not the worlde, but with mette pacyence,
If ye be of Christ. Of thys hereafter ye shall,
Perceyue more at large, by the story as it fall.

Incipit Comcedia,

Iesus Christus,



Unto thys desart, the holy Ghost hath brought
me,

After my baptyme, of Sathan to be tempted,
Therby to instruct, of Man the imbecyllite,
That after he hath, Gods holy spiere receyued,
Dyuerisely he must, of Sathan be impugned,
Least he for Gods gyfte, shuld fall into a pryde.
And that in parell, he take me for hys gyde.

Thynke not me to fast, bycause I wolde yow to fast,
For than ye thynke wronge, and haue vayne iudgement,
But of my fastyng, thynke rather thys my cast,
Sathan to prouoke, to worke hys cursed intent,
And to teache yow wayes, hys myscheses to preuent,
By the worde of God, whych must be your defence,
Rather than fastynges, to withstande hys vyolence.

I haue fasted here, the space of forty dayes,
Perfourmyng that fast, whych Moses had in fygure,

D

To

Comœdia Iohannis Balet.

To stoppe their mouthes with, whych bable & prate alwayes
Thus ded our fathers, My name and fame to dysuygure.
Therfor now I tast, of fastynge here the rygure,
And am ryght hungrye, after longe abstynence.
Thys mortall bodye, complayneth of indygence.

Satan tentator.

No where I fourther, but euery where I noye,
For I am Sathan, the commen aduersarye,
An enemy to Man, hym sekynge to destroye
And to brynge to nought, by my assaultes most craftye.
I watche euery where, wantynge no polycye,
To trappe hym in snare, and make hym the chylde of hell.
What nombre I wyne, it were very longe to tell.

I hearde a great noyse, in Iordane now of late,
Vpon one Iesus, soundynge from heauen aboue.
Thys is myne owne sonne, whych hath withdrawne al hate,
And he that doth stande, most hyghly in my loue.
My wyttes the same sounde, doth not a lytle moue,
He cometh to redeme, the kynde of Man I feare,
Hygh tyme is it chan, for me the cooles to steare.

I wyll not leaue hym, tyll I knowe what he ys,
And what he entendeth, in thys same border heare,
Subtyltye must helpe, els all wyll be amys,
A godlye pience, outwardly must I beare,
Semyngelye, relygyouse, deuoute and sad in my geare,
If he be come now, for the redempcyon of Man,
As I feare he is, I wyll stoppe hym if I can.

Hic simulata religione Christum aggreditur.

It is a gratioye, by my holydome to se,
So vertuouse a lyfe, in a yonge man as yow be.

De Christi tentatione,

As here thus to wander, in godly contemplacyon,
And to lyue alone, in the desert solitarie,

Iesus Christus,

Your pleasure is it, to utter your fantasie.

Satan tentator.

A brother am I, of thys desert wyldernesse,
And full glad wolde be, to talke with yow of goodnesse,
If ye wolde accept, my symple cumpanye.

Iesus Christus.

I dysdayne nothyng, whych is of God trulye.

Satan tentator.

Than wyll I be bolde, a lytle with yow to walke;

Iesus Christus,

Do so if ye lyst, and your mynde frely talke.

Satan tentator.

Now forsoth and God, it is ioye of your lyfe,
That ye take sch paynes, and are in vertu so ryse,
N here so small ioyes are, to recreate the hart.

Iesus Christus.

Here are for pastyme, the wylde beastes of the desert,
With whom moch better, it is to be conuersaunt,
Than with sch people, as are to God repugnaunt.

Satan tentator.

Ye speake it full well, it is even as ye saye,
But tell me how longe, ye haue bene here, I yow praye.

Iesus Christus.

Fourty dayes and nyghtes, without any sustenaunce.

Satan tentator.

So moch I iudged, by your pale countenaunce,
Then is it no maruele, I trowe, though ye hungrye;

Iesus Christus.

My stomack declareth, the weaknesse of my bodye.

D 4

Satan

Comœdia Ioannis Bales,

Satan tentator,

Well, to be pleyne with yow, abroad the rumour doth rōne
Amonge the people, that ye shuld be Gods sonne.
If ye be Gods sonne, as it hath great lykelyhode,
Make of these stones breade, and geue your bodye hys fode.

Iesus Christus.

No offence is it, to eate whan men be hungrye,
But to make stones breade, it is vnnecessarye.
He whych in thys fast, hath bene my specyall gyde,
Fode for my bodye, is able to prouyde.
I thanke my lorde God, I am at no soche nede,
As to make stones breade, my bodye so to fede.

Whā I come in place, where God hath appoynted meate,
Geuynge hym hygh thankes, I shall not spare to eate,
Satan tentator,

Not only for that, thys symlytude I brynge,
But my purpose is, to conclud an other thyng.
At the fathers voyce, ye toke thys lyfe in hande,
Wyndynge now to preache, as I do vnderstande.
In case ye do so, ye shall fynde the offyce harde.
My mynde is in thys, ye shuld your body regardes

And not vndyscretelye, to cast your selfe awaye.
Rather take som ease, than ye shuld so decaye.
I put case ye be, Gods sonne, what can that further?
Preache ye ones the truth, the byshoppes wyll ye murther.
Therfor beleue not, the voyce that ye ded heare,
Though it came from God, for it is vnsancty geare.

Beyond your cumpas, rather than ye so ronne,
Forsake the offyce, and denye yourself Gods sonne.

Iesus

De Christi tentatione,
Iesus Christus.

Ye speake in that poynt, very vnaduyseflye,
For it is witten, in the eyt of Deuteronomye,
Man lyueth not by breade, or corporall fedynge onelye,
But by Gods promyse, and by hys scriptures heauenlye.
Here ye perswade me, to recreate my bodye,
And neglected Gods worde, whych is great blasphemye.

Thys caused Adam, from innocenye to fall,
And all hys offsprynge, in ide miserable and mortall.
Where as is Gods worde, there is both sprete and lyfe,
And where that is not, death and dampnacyon is ryfe.
The strength of Gods worde, myghtryly sustayned Moses,
For fourty dayes space, theroff soch is the goodnes.

It fortyfyed Helias, it preserued Daniel,
And holpe in the desart, the chyldren of Israel.
Sore plages do folowe, where Gods worde is reiect,
For no perswasyon, wyll I therfor neglect.
That offyce to do, whych God hath me commaunded,
But in all mekenesse, it shall be accomplyshed.

Satan tentator,

I had rather naye, consyderynge your feblenesse,
For ye are but tuly, ye are no stronge persone doughtlesse.

Iesus Christus.

Well, it is not the breade, that doth a man vpholde,
But the lorde of heauen, with hys graces manyfolde.
He that Man create, is able hym to norysh,
And after weakenesse, cause hym agayne to florysh.
Gods worde is a rule, for all that man shuld do,
And out of that rule, no creature ought to go.

He that it foloweth, cannot out of the waye,

Comcedia Ioannis Bales.

In meate nor in drynke, in sadnesse nor in playe.

Satan tentator.

Ye are styfnecked, ye wyll folowe no good counsell.

Iesus Christus.

Yes, whan it is sech, as the holly scripture tell.

Satan tentator.

Scriptures I knowe now, for I am but an hermyte I.

I maye saye to yow, it is no part of our stody.

We relygyouse men, lyne all in contemplacyon,

Scriptures to stodye, is not our occupacyon.

It longeth to doctours, howbeyt I maye saye to yow,

As blynde are they as we, in the vnderstandynge now.

Well shall it please ye, any farther, with me to walke,

Though I lytle profyght, yet doth it me good to talke.

Iesus Christus.

To tarry or go, it is all one to me.

Satan tentator.

Let vs than wander, into the holly cyte,

Of Hierusalem, to se what is there a do.

Iesus Christus.

I shall not saye naye, bute am agreable thereto.

Satan tentator.

My purpose is thys, A voyce in your eare ded rynge,

That ye were Gods sone, and welbeloued darlynge,

And yow belene it, but ye are the more vnwyse,

For to deceyne yow, it was seme subyle pracyse.

Well, vpon that voyce, ye are geuen to persyghynesse

Not els regardynge, but to lyue in ghoslynesse.

Ye warde, fast and praye, ye styne in contemplacyon,

Leadynge here a lyfe, beyonde alle stymacyon,

De Christi tentatione:

Na meate wyll ye eate, but lyue by Gods worde on lye,
So good are ye waye, so persyght and so holye.
I wyll brynge ye (I crowe) to the well of ghostlynesse,
Where I shall fyll ye, and glutt ye with holynesse.

What, holy, quoth he: Naye, ye were neuer so holyc,
As I wyll make ye, if ye folowe hansomlye.
Here is all holy, here is the holy cytie,
The holy temple, and the holy prestes here be,
Ye wyll be holyc wel, ye shall be aboue them all,
By cause ye are Gods sonne, it doth ye so befall.

Come here, on the pynacle, we wyll be by and by,
Iesus Christus.

What meane ye by that: shewe fourth your fantasy,
Satan tentator.

What ye were hungrye, I ded ye first persuade,
Of stones to make breade, but ye wolde non of that trade.
Ye layed for your self, that scripture woldenot serue it,
That was your bucklar, but now I am for ye fyt.
For the suggestyon, that I now shall to ye laye,
I haue scripture at hande, ye shall it not denaye,

Iesus Christus

Kepe it not secreete, but lete it than be hod,
Satan tentator.

If ye do beleue, that ye are the sonne of God,
Beleue thys also, if ye leape downe here in scoff,
From thys hygh pynacle, ye can take no harme theroff.
And therfor be bolde, thys enterpryse to leoparde.
If ye be Gods sonne, cast downe your self here backwarde,

Iesus Christus,

Truly that nede not, here is other remedye,

To

Comœdia Ioannis Balei.

To the grounde to go, than to fall downe folyshlye.
Here are gresynges made, to go vp and downe therby,
What nede I than leape, to the earthe presumptuously.

Satan tentator.

Saye that ye ded it, vpon a good intent.

Iesus Christus

That were neyther good, nor yet conuenient.
Daungers are doubtfull, where soch presumpcyon is.

Satan tentator.

Tush, scripture is with it, ye can not fare amys.
For it is written, how God hath geuen a charge,
Vnto hys Angels, that if ye leape at large,
They shall receyue ye, in their handes tenderly,
Least ye dalbe your fote, agaynst a stone therby.

If ye do take scath, belene God is not trewe,
Nor iust of hys worde, And than byd hym adewe.

Iesus Christus.

In no wyse ye ought, the scriptures to de prane,
But as they lye whole, so ought ye them to haue.
Nomore take ye here, than serue for your vayne purpose
Leauynge out the best, as ye shuld tryfle or glose
Vemynde not by thys, towarde God to edyfy,
But of syncre faythe, to corrupt the innocencye.

Satan tentator.

Whye, is it not true, that soch a text there is?

Iesus Christus.

Yes, there is sech a text, but ye wrast it all amys.
As the Psalme doth saye, God hath commaunded Angels,
To preserue the iust, from daungerous eplages and perils.

Satan tentator.

Well, than I sayd true, and as it lyeth in the text,

Iesus

De Christi tentatione,

Iesus Christus,

Yea, but ye omitted, foure wordes which foloweth next,
As (in all thy wayes) which if ye put out of syght,
Ye shall neuer take, that place of scripture a ryght.
Their wayes are such rules, as God hath them commaunded,
By his luyninge worde, iustlye to be obserued.

If they passe these rules, the Angels are not bounde,
To be their sauegarde, but rather them to confounde,
To fall downe backward, of a wanton peniushnes,
Is non of those wayes, that God euer taught doughtles.
Then if I ded it, I shuld tempt God very soe,
And deserue to haue, his anger euermore.

I wyll not so do, for their fathers in the desert,
Ded so tempt hym ones, and had the hate of his hate.
The clause that ye had, maketh for no outward workynge,
If ye marke the Psalme, througely from his begynnynge.
But what is the cause, ye wēt not fourth with the next verse

Satan tentator.

It made not for me, if ye wyll, ye maye it reherse.

Iesus Christus,

Thou shalt (sayth the Psalme) subdue the cruell serpent,
And treade vndrefoote, the lyon and dragon pestilent.

Satan tentator.

No nyghar (I saye) for there ye touche fre holde.

Iesus Christus.

Some loue in no wyse, to haue their rudenesse tolde.
To walke in Gods wayes, it becometh a mortall man,
And therfor I wyll, obeye them if I can.

For it is written, in the sept of Deuironomy,
Thou shalt in no wyse, tempt God presumptuously.

¶

Satan

Comme lia Ioannis Balei.

Satan tentator.

What is it to tempt God: after your iudgement.

Iesus Christus.

To take of hys worde, an outwarde experyment,
Of anydle brayne, whych God neyther thought nor ment.

Satan tentator.

What persones do so? Make that more euident.

Iesus Caristus.

All soch as forsake, anye grace or remedye,
Appoynted of God, for their owne polycye.
As they that do charyte, that God shalld fyll their bellye,
Without their labours, whan hys lawes are contrarye.
And they that wyll saye, the scripture of God doth slee.
They neuer serchyng, therof the veryte.

Those also tempt God, that vowe presumptuouslye,
Not hauynge hys gyft, to kepe their contynencye.
With so manye els, as folow: their good intences.
Not grounded on God, nor yet on hys commaundementes.
These throwe themselves downe, into most depe dāpnacyon.

Satan tentator.

Lyttle good get I, by thys communycacyon.
Wyll ye walke farther, and lete thys pratyng be?
A mountayne here is, whych I wolde yow to se,
Trust me and ye wyll, it is a commodouse thyng.

Iesus Christus.

If it be so good, lete vs by thydre goynge.

Satan tentator.

Lo, how saye ye now, is not here a plesant syght?
If ye wyll ye maye, haue here all the worldes delyght.
Here is to be seane, the kyngedome of Arabye,
With all the regyons, of Affryck, Europe, and Asye,
And their whole delyghtes, their pompe, their magnyfycēce.
Their

De Christi tentatione.

Their ryches, their honoure, their welth, their concupysces:

Here is golde and syluer, in wonderfull habundaunce.
Sylkes, veluetes, ryssues, with wyne & spyes of plesaunce.
Here are fayre women, of countenaunce amiable,
With all kyndes of meates, to the body dylectable.
Here are camels, stoute horses, & mules that neuer wyll tyre,
With so manye pleasures, as your hart can desyre.

Iesus Christus.

Well, he be praysed, whych is of them the geuer,

Satan tentator.

Alas it greueth me, that ye are soch a beleuer,
Nothyng can I laye, but ever ye anoyde me,
By the worde of God, Leaueth that poynt ones I praye,
If I byd ye make, of stones breade for your bodye,
Ye saye man lyueth not, in temporall seadyng onelye,
As I byd ye leape, downe from the pynacle aboue,
Ye wyll not tempt God, other wyse than yow behoue.
Thus are ye styll poore, thus are ye styll weake and nedye,

Iesus Christus.

And what suppose ye, wyll that nede remedye?

Satan tentator.

Forsake the beleue, that ye haue in Gods worde,
That ye are hys sonne, for it is not worth a corde,
Is he a father, that se hys sonne thus samyshe?
If ye beleue it, I saye ye are to solyshe.
Ye se these pleasures. If yow be ruled by me,
I shall make ye a man. To my wordes therfor agre.
Loke on these kyngedomes, and incomparable treasure,
I the lorde of them, maye geue them at my pleasure.
Forsake that father, whych leaueth the without comfort,
In thys desolacyon, and hens fourth to me resort.
Knowledg me for head, of thys worlde vnyuersall.

¶ ij

And

Comcedia Ioannis Balei.

And I wyll make the, possessor of them all.

Thu shalt no longer, be desolate and hungrye,
But haue all the worlde, to do the obsequye.
Therfor knele downe here, and worshyp me thys houre,
And thu shalt haue all, with their whole stretch and poure.

Iesus Christus,

Anoyde thu Sathan, Thu denyll, thu aduersarye,
For now thu perswadest, most damnable blasphemye.
As thu art wycked, so is thy promyse wycked,
Not thine is the worlde, but hys that it created.
Thucannyst not geue it, for it is not thine to geue,
Thus dedyst thu corrupt, the sayth of Adam and Eue,

Thus dedyst thu deceyne, both Moses and Aaron,
Causynge them to doubt, at the lake of contradyccyon.
Get the hens thu fyende, and cruell aduersarye,
For it is written, in the tenth of Deutronomye.
God thu shalt worshyp, and magnifye alone,
Holde hym for thy lorde, and in ite to hym thy mone.

He is the true God, he is the lorde of all,
Not only of thys, but the worlde celestyall.
Thy perswasyon is, I shuld not hys worde regarde,
O venemouse serpent, dampnacyon is thy rewarde.
Prouyde wyll I so, that thy kyngedom shall decaye,
Gods worde shall be hearde, of th: worlde though thu saye
Satan tentator. (naye,

Well, than it helpeth not, to tarry here any longer,
A duantage to haue, I se I must go farther.
So longe as thu lyuest, I am lyke to haue no profyghe,
If all come to passe, I m i ye syt as moch in your lyght,
If ye preach Gods worde, as me thynke ye do intende,
Ere foure years be past I shall yow to your father sende.
If pharysees and scribes, can do any thynge therto,

False

De Christitentione

False prestes and byshoppes, with my other seruauntes mo.
Though I haue hynderaunce, it wyll be but for a season,
I doubt not, thyne owne, herafter wyll worke some treason
Thy vycar at Rome, I thynke wyll be my frende,
I defye the therfor, and take thy wordes but as wynde,
He shall me wyshepp, and haue the worlde to rewarde,
That thou here forsakest, he wyll most hyghlye regarde.
Gods worde wyll he treade, vnderneath hys fote for euer,
And th: hartes of men, from the truch therof dyssener,
Thy sayth wyll he hate, and slee thy flocke in conclusyon,
All thys wyll I worke, to do the vtter confusyon.

Iesus Christus,

Thy cruell assautes, shall hurt neyther me nor myne,
Though we suffer both, by the prouydence dyuine,
Soch strength is ours, that we wyll haue vycroie,
Of synne death and helle, and of the in thy most furye.
For God hath promysed, that hys shall treade the dragon,
Vnderneath their fete, with the scarce roarynge lyon.

Hic angeli accedunt, solacium administraturi.

Angelus primus,

The fath: of confort, and heauenly consolacyon,
Hath sent vs hyther, to do our admynystacyon.
We come not to helpe, but to do our obsequye,
As seruauntes becometh, to their lorde and mastre mykelye.
If our offyce be, to wayte on creatures mortall,
Why shuld we not serue, the mastre and lorde of all?

Angelus alter,

It is our confort, it is our whole felycyte,
To do our seruyce, and in your presence to be.
We haue brought ye fode, to confort your weake bodye,
After your great fast, and notable vycroie.
Vnto all the worlde, your byrth we first declared,

¶ iij And

Comœdia Ioannis Balei.

And now these vytayles, we haue for you prepared,

Iesus Christus,

Come nyghar to me, Swete father thankes to the,
For these gracefull gyftes, of thy lyberalyte.

Hic coram angelis ex appositis comedit.

Angelus primus.

How meke art thou lorde, to take that nature on the:
Whych is so tendre, and full of infyrmyte.
As Mannys nature is, both feble faynt and werye,
Weake after labour, and after fastynge hungrye.
Forsoth heauen and earth, yea, helle maye be asoynded,
The Godhede to se, to so frayle nature ioyned,

Angelus alter.

In hys owne he is, for he the worlde first create,
Yet semerth the worlde, to haue hym in great hate.
Aboute thirty yeaeres, hath he bene here amonge them,
Some tyme in Jewrye, and some tyme in Hierusalem,
But fewe to thys daye, haue done hym reuerence,
Or as to their lorde, shewed their obedyence.

Iesus Christus,

My commynge hyther, is for to seeke no glorie,
But the hygh pleasure, and wyll of my father heauenlye.
He wyll requyre it, at a certayne daye, no doubt,
And shall reuenge it, loke they not wele abought.

Angelus primus:

Plebem alloquitur.

The lorde here for you, was boine and circumcysed,
For you here also, he was latelye baptyfed.
In the wyldernesse, thys lorde for you hath fasted,
And hath ouertomen, for you the denyll that temptyd:
For you fryndes for you, thys heauenly lorde doth all,
Only for your sake, he is become man mortall.

Angelus alter.

Take

Conclusio;

Take the shy elde of sayth, and lerne to resyst the denyll.
After hys teachynges, that he do yow non euyl,
Full sure shall ye be, to haue vs on your syde,
If ye be saythfull, and holde hym for your gyde.

Iesus Christus

If they folowe me, they shall not walke in darkenes,
But in the clere lyght, and haue felycyte endles,
For I am the waye, the lyfe and the veryte,
No man maye attayne, to the father but by me.

Angelus primus,

In manys frayle nature, ye haue conquered the enmye,
That man ouer hym, shold alwayes haue vyccorye,

Angelus alter,

Our maner is it, most hyghlye to reioyce,
What Man hath confort, whych we now declare in voyce,
Hic dulce canticum coram Christo depromunt,

Baleus Prolocutor,

Lette it not grene yow, in thys worlde to be tempted,
Consyderynge your lorde, and your hygh byshopp Iesus,
Was here without synne, in euery purpose proued,
In all our weakenesse, to helpe and socour vs,
Farthermore to beare, with our fragylyte thus.
He is vnworthye, of hym to be a member,
That wyll not with hym, some persecucion suffer.

The lyfe of Man is, a prose or harde tempracyon,
As Job doth report, and Paule confirmeth the same.
Bulye is the denyll, and labourerh hys dampnacyon,
Yet haue no dyspayre, for Christ hath gote the game.
Now is it easye, bys cruelnesse to tame,

Conclusio.

For Christes vycctorye, is theirs that do belcne.
Ye here sayth eaterotynges, the deuyl can nener grene.
Resyst (sayth Peter) resyst that roarynge lyon,
Lio with your fastynges, Christ neuer taught ye so.
But with a stronge fayth, withstande hys false suggestyon.
And with the scriptures, rpon hym ouer go,
Then shall he no har me, be able yow to do.
Now maye ye be bolde, ye haue Christ on your syde,
So longe as ye haue, hys verye for your gyde.

What enemyes are they, that from the people wyll haue,
The scriptures of God, whych are the myghy weapon,
That Christ left them here, their sowles from helle to saue.
And throwe them headlondes, into the deuyls domynyon,
If they be no deuyls, I saye there are deuyls non,
They brynge in fastynges, but they leane out, *Scriptum est,*
Chalke they geue for gold, soch fryndes are they to the Beest.

Lette non report vs, that here we condempne fastynges,
For it is not true, we are of no such mynde.
But thys we couete, that ye do take the thynges,
For a frute of fayth, as it is done in kynde,
And onely Gods worde, to subdue the cruell fynde.
Solowe Christ alone, for he is the true sheparde,
The voyce of straungers, do neuer more regarde.

Thus endeth thys brefe Comedy concer
nyng the temptacyon of Iesus Christ in the
wyldernes.

Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno M. D. XXXVIII.

